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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Puck

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### THE MERRY STAR ROUTERS.

Puck:—He laughed too, and yet he died in the penitentiary!

PUCK.  
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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Laugh away, gentlemen! It's very funny, isn't it? We don't know that anything ever came under our notice that was more irresistibly comic. How very amusing to think that the jury disagreed, and that all this trial business will have to be gone over again! "They didn't find us guilty," say Messrs. Dorsey and Brady in chorus. No, they didn't. Nine of them thought you were; but, according to our wise jury rules, it was left for the unconvinced three to set public opinion and Justice at defiance, and put the country to the expense of trying men again of whose guilt there can be no reasonable doubt.

But laugh away, Mr. ex-Senator Dorsey, cachinnate vigorously, Mr. ex-Assistant Postmaster Brady, we have no objection; it may serve to keep up your spirits. You will find that they will want all the keeping-up that you can give them in that way. There was, once upon a time, a man named Tweed, who stole very many millions from the tax-payers of the City of New York. He was accused; he denied it. More proofs were brought forward. He snapped his fingers and defied Justice; and he laughed so much that his most intimate friends looked upon the accusation as a huge joke. But it was a long way removed from a joke, as the late Mr. Tweed subsequently found out. The man who scouted the idea of punishment, after undergoing severe hardships in his struggle with fate, ended his days in a prison. We think it as well to remind our merry Star Routers of this fact; for, judging by their ill-timed mirth, the presumption is that they have forgotten it. We might hope they would profit by our gentle reminder, although we cannot see exactly in what way they are to do so, for long deferred as their just punishment has been, it is bound to overtake them in the end.

It is a very fine thing to be a monopolist; but the road to the goal is not such an easy one to travel along as would at first sight appear. A regularly graduated and canonized monopolist must, of course, have a very large

banking account and the control of at least half-a-dozen railroads. He may also have his own personal judge, and a fair stock of state legislators; but he is comparatively powerless, and cannot be considered a true monopolist unless he has in his pay either a senator, an ex-senator, a congressman or some one who has an equal amount of influence.

For instance, it is doubtful if Mr. Monopolist Gould could get along at all without the advice and sympathy of ex-Senator Conkling, who, perhaps, knows more about the power of the political machine in proper hands than any man in the country. Where would Mr. Shipbuilder Roach be, if he were not in perfect accord with the celebrated naval economist, Mr. Robeson? Like a ship without a rudder would be the great Mr. Vanderbilt, were it not for the wise counsel given him by Mr. Depew, who tells him how to manage New York Central, Lake Shore and other little investments.

Mr. Russell Sage is not as conspicuous a monopolist as some of the tribe, but he holds his own very well with his put-and-call specialty. Mr. Jones is on very good terms with Mr. "Beauty" Hoar, and Mr. Corbin propitiates a powerful favorite who attempts to hide her identity. Of course Senator Miller and the Standard Oil Monopoly are inseparable, while Mr. Cyrus W. Field makes himself solid with Senator Cameron. Thus are all these people striving to be happy, while a clamoring crowd outside the grounds, and cut off from the festivities, fill the air with groans.

Oh, yes, the monopolists are having a very nice time at this garden party, or *fête champêtre*, thinking only of their own interests and utterly regardless of what is going on among the great body of the people who are not monopolists. There was a well-known historical character, who behaved very much in the same way as these gentlemen are behaving, and his successor suffered for it by losing his head, and there was a general break-up of the Government. The man who lost his head in the French Revolution was Louis the Sixteenth—the sensual, reckless, degraded fellow who pursued the policy of our monopolists, was Louis the Fifteenth, of France. The orgies of the *Parc aux Cerfs* and his gross immoralities were not worse in their way than the methods pursued by our monopolists in securing special legislation to protect their ill-gotten gains.

The Prohibition movement spreads. The time may soon arrive when it will be next to impossible to obtain a glass of wine or whiskey in any part of the Union by simply asking for it. The man who absolutely needs the stimulant, unless he has a supply in his cellar, will have to go to a drug store to enjoy the precious draught. But then in all probability the law will be made so stringent that it will be more than a druggist is worth to supply people who do not really want spirit as a medicine at the risk of punishment for the offense.

Such a difficulty as this can soon be overcome, and the intelligent saloon-keeper can ostensibly change his business without decreasing his profits in the smallest degree. He has simply to open a drug store; but his assistants will have to be of a different character from that of the ordinary clerk in such establishment. They must be bar-tenders in disguise, with spectacles and a scientific look. Then one of two things should be done. The saloon-keeper should either obtain a medical diploma—and there are stacks of them to be bought for a dollar or two in Philadelphia—or he should engage the services of some duly qualified medical practitioner who is not making a

fortune in his practice, and allow him to prescribe for the patients as they enter the store. How convenient it would be for the poor sufferer! He could get both advice and medicine at the same establishment. He would walk up to the doctor's office, exhibit his tongue, pay his fee, get his prescription, proceed at once to the counter to have it made up, and swallow the mixture on the spot. We don't see how any kind of measure, no matter how carefully its clauses might be worded, could prevent a druggist from selling and administering any sort of medicine in the way we have pointed out and presented in our cartoon. There is no getting behind a physician's prescription. He must know better what is good for one than any policeman, magistrate or district-attorney. It may be essential to a man's health to get drunk, and the doctor should be the sole judge of the necessity for it.

Suppose his favorite prescriptions consist chiefly of Santa Cruz Rum, Rye or Bourbon Whiskey, and Holland's Gin, what temperance crank would dare to take upon himself to say they are not wholesome, and thus defy the faculty? Let us, for a change, have Prohibition in this state by all means—provided we can get our cocktail in the manner we have pointed out; it won't hurt us. People are not to be made either virtuous or sober by any Amendment to the Constitution or Act of Legislature.

The three most important events of last week were the capture of Arabi Pasha and the end of the Egyptian War, the defeat of the American Rifle Team and the defeat of the Hillsdales on the Thames. These are all triumphs for British prowess, and two of them, we regret to say, are not calculated to make the American eagle scream as he is wont to do when occasion warrants, and sometimes when it doesn't. We may go further and say all three events are defeats for the Americans, for Sir Garnet Wolseley has ended the war in his own poor, commonplace way, and worsted in strategy the great American paper, the *Herald*, and other wise journals. Thus, with our rowing men beaten, our riflemen out-shot, and the military genius of the *Herald* humiliated, we have, indeed, cause to hang our heads in sorrow and clothe ourselves in sack-cloth and ashes. We do hope that Fortune will do a little more shining for us in future.



AND NOW doth the tramp button up his coat for warmth, and pull the white plug hat with the mourning-band over his eyes, and turn his back on the ice-water, because the air is getting chilly and he has no light overcoat, and would much rather have something to swallow more stimulating than ice-water. He is an unfortunate man, and his ill-luck may all be attributed to the fact that he has always revelled in drink more stimulating than ice-water.

Had he been a constant reader of PUCK ON WHEELS his fate would be different, as PUCK ON WHEELS is not only a Summer Resort Guide and Preventive of Malaria, but a volume which, when once read, gives the reader the power to defy D. T. and all other afflictions and misfortunes arising from an unwise use of alcoholic beverages. A man who reads PUCK ON WHEELS may drink as much as he pleases without disastrous results. His trousers can't give out; he can't get seedy; he can't become dilapidated in appearance; he can't lose his friends or position, and his nose can't flame like an October sumach. Even as the water of the fountain for which Ponce de Leon searched was believed to endow the imbibor with perpetual youth, so does a perusal of PUCK ON WHEELS enable the reader to laugh at the Satanic majesty of drink. All temperance lodges have a copy, and it is kept on a chain in all Sunday-school reading-rooms to keep the superintendents from borrowing it. Price twenty-five cents.



## THE WAR IN EGYPT.

A FEW WORDS TO SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

Sir:—As 371,685 newspapers in the United States have, at considerable personal sacrifice and inconvenience, told you how to conduct your Egyptian campaign, we think that, as the representative American journal, it is about time that PUCK offered you a little advice on the subject.

We have refrained from doing so, because we thought it would be unfair to our esteemed contemporaries who were first in the field, and gave you the benefit of their wisdom and experience unasked; but as you have probably digested all the contents of the editorials and yet hunger for more practical advice, PUCK is, as usual, ready with it.

No, Sir Garnet, we are not at all pleased with the way you are carrying on your war-like operations. We regret having to say this, because there is such a thing as being too severe, and we don't like to say hard things, especially after the castigation you have been receiving daily from the *Herald*.

The fact that you have won a victory in spite of the *Herald* and the military editors of American newspapers goes for nothing; you had no business to win it in that way. A triumph obtained by methods that have not been recommended and approved of by American journalists ought not to count, whatever the British Government may think about it.

Now we will tell you what you ought to have done. If the advice comes too late, you may be able to take advantage of it in the next campaign.

We know you are grateful; we require no thanks; we do this without hope of fee or reward; but simply because we feel that our military knowledge is much greater than yours, and that we ought to share it with you.

There is not an atom of selfishness in our composition.

When the campaign in Egypt was decided on, you should at once have taken a fast steamer to New York.

On arrival you should have asked the nearest way to the *Herald* office. Then you should have seen the editor, got all your advice, information and instructions, and then returned to Egypt—not, however, until you had your lesson perfectly by heart. Had you done this, we might not have found it necessary to offer to lend our services in putting you in the right path to glory.

Why didn't you land your troops in South Africa, then march through the great lakes, allowing your right flank to rest on Ujiji and your left on the Gold Coast?

Why didn't you insist upon each man's carrying a barrel of pork and a hogshead of water in his knapsack, and thus make it unnecessary to keep a line open to the base of supplies?

Why, we ask, did you not think of these things?

Had such a plan been pursued, just see how quickly the campaign might have been ended. The Life Guards could have captured Timbuctoo and Tunis, having Constantinople and Zagazig in their rear, while the Highland Brigade marched overland to Jerusalem and Madagascar, and connected with Admiral Seymour's fleet at Zanzibar, having the South Staffordshire regiment at the Rosetta mouth of the Danube and Amazon, with armored trains acting as a pivot for Cook's tourists and the Tipperary freight handling brigade.

Again, even allowing that your plan of operations is justifiable—and we don't say that it is for a moment—why did you not push on to Cairo as soon as your troops were landed? Why bother about such trifles as food, clothing, ammunition, supplies, medicines or little nonsenses of that kind?

There, Sir Garnet, we've told you what ought to have been done, and will say no more, but trust you may profit by the lesson. The errors you have made are not wilful ones, but simply the result of ignorance. Go ahead, and if at any time you contemplate fighting and desire a "point" or two, we will be on hand.

Your friend,

PUCK.

P. S.—Have just heard that the war is at an end; but that is no-reason why you should not give this letter your earnest consideration.

## Puckeyings.

IT NOW looks as if the Turkish troops would land in Egypt just in time for the next Presidential campaign in the United States.

MANY YOUNG ladies are now afraid to wander in the wood in quest of ferns, lest peradventure they may be shot. It is only the bird that isn't hit.

THE FACE of the man who is thumped at a Democratic primary cannot be said to display a primary color, we don't care what South Kensington says.

A COMPANY NOW offers "a decent funeral" for thirty dollars. With so cheap a luxury one need no longer hesitate about joining an excursion to Elizabethport.

THE CZAR'S coronation is postponed until next year, much to the satisfaction of the Nihilists, who have long been waiting for an opportunity to get their new dynamite properly seasoned with age.

THE JEWS celebrated, last week, the anniversary of the creation of the universe, just a little matter of five or six thousand years ago; this naturally suggests the ancient question—well, how about it, Susan B.?

THE DORSEY and Brady of Turkey are Circus Bey and Mersesian Bey, Directors of the Sultan's palaces. They have done a little better than our fellows, having managed to get away with \$10,000,000. Such men ought to come to America and grow up with the country.

SIR W. THOMPSON states that, according to Newton's theory, the moon is always falling toward the earth, and asks why it does not come down, and could it always be falling and not come down? This anomalous condition of things often puzzles Free Masons when they are endeavoring to steer themselves home after a lodge meeting.

WE ARE not among those who think that the Egyptian war has, by any means, ended. Arabi is simply waiting for the arrival of the Irish-American Land League Contingent, in order to drive out the British. The reinforcements will consist of Pat Maginness, Owen Macnamara and Fergus Monaghan, d'ye moind, with a battery of shillelahs.

THE *Times* SAYS: "The capture in a single day of Tel-el-Kebir and Zagazig, with the practical destruction of Arabi's army atones for all of Sir Garnet Wolseley's past delays, and proves that he knew his own business best." We don't think it proves anything of the sort. Sir Garnet probably knows more about editing a New York newspaper than conducting a campaign, just as a New York editor knows more about editing a campaign than conducting a newspaper.

AN ARTICLE is now going the rounds entitled: "How to Make Home Happy." The article doesn't state that the following is the way, but it is, though, just the same:

One Grand Piano .....	\$ 1,000.00
Langtry Tickets .....	50.00
Summer at Newport .....	7,000.00
Sealskin Sacque .....	350.00
Tea Gowns .....	500.00
Season-Tickets for Opera .....	500.00
Fashionable Jewelry .....	4,000.00
Fashionable Dogs .....	300.00
Fashionable Fans .....	500.00
Sundries .....	20,000.00

Total, \$34,200.00

## REJECTED.



WADSWORTH:—"Ah, I MIGHT HAVE STOOD SOME CHANCE IF I HADN'T WORN THIS DETESTABLE SUIT."

## AN IMITATION.

Between the gate-post and the gate  
I lingered with my love till late;  
And what cared I the time of night,  
Till wakened by the watch-dog's bite  
And thud of leathery box-toed fate  
Between the gate-post and the gate.

Between the sea-side and the sea  
I kissed my love and she kissed me;  
But rapturous day was gravesome night,  
And what is love but bloom and blight?  
And what is a kiss of mine to thee  
Between the sea-side and the sea?

Between the sunshade and the sun  
I saw a face that hinted fun;  
But what is fun and what is face  
When driven at life's killing pace?  
I simply say that I have done  
Between the sunshade and the sun.

Between the bumble and the bee  
Full many a soul has had to flee;  
And what is love, may I inquire,  
When asked to build the kitchen fire?  
Or who would not leap in the sea  
Between the bumble and the bee?

Between the tea store and the tea  
There is a wide immensity;  
A dollar-twenty-five a pound,  
And not a nickel to be found;  
Then what has fate in store for thee  
Between the tea store and the tea?

R. W. CRISWELL.

## FABLES FROM THE LANIGANESE.

## I.—THE AVARICIOUS POET.

A young Poet, having saved up Fifty Thousand Dollars out of his Earnings, thought he would make an Independent Fortune in a Short Time by Changing his Business.

So he organized a "Pinafore" troupe, which Bankrupted him by breaking up in Idaho, and the Young Poet came back to New York on his Ankles and accepted the Position of Brakeman on the Elevated Road.

MORAL. Young man, leave Well Enough alone and don't go West.

## II.—THE HEN AND THE SNAKE.

A Hen, while out walking with her Little Ones one day, observed a huge Snake in the Road, and was greatly Astonished at seeing the little Snakes run down their Mother's Throat for Safety.

On the way Home the Hen thought of that beautiful Provision of Nature which enables the Snake to Swallow its Young, and concluded to see how it Worked herself. So she picked up one of her chicks in her mouth, and, in attempting to Swallow it, died of Asphyxia on the Spot.

MORAL. What is Sauce for the Goose isn't Soy for the Sea-serpent.

## III.—THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

A Cat having noticed a newly-stuffed Bird, which had just been brought Home, Pounced upon and Swallowed it in a Jiffy, and that very Night the Cat was made so deathly sick by the Chemical contents of the departed Minstrel that she was obliged to Cancel an Engagement to accompany her Intended to a Concert that evening.

MORAL. Investigate before you Swallow, for pretty much everything is full of Chemicals.

## IV.—THE YOUNG MAN AND THE PIE.

A certain young man who was always Unhappy if not Equipped in the Latest Style from Head to Foot, once determined to eat a Pie every day for his Luncheon, in order to save sufficient Money to Purchase a Diamond Ring.

So he went into a Pie Shop, hung his new Derby on the Peg, and sat down to the Counter on a High Stool, with a number of Mechanics, and devoured a Custard Pie.

On departing he found to his Sorrow that

some Miscreant had appropriated his new Derby and left in its stead an old Straw Hat with a Purple Band—a Shattered Relic of the Departed Summer.

The Moral of this Fable teaches us two things: First, that we should never sacrifice the inner for the outer man, and Second, that we should always avoid Pie.

## V.—THE PUBLISHER AND THE POET.

A poet on leaving the Editorial Rooms for the day was once Accosted by his Facetious Employer, who Remarkd:

"The Summer has slipped mysteriously away; the Golden Rod blows along the Roadside, the Squirrel is storing away Nuts for the Winter, the Forest is one mighty blaze of Red and Yellow, Ceres smiles serenely on the Land, and you ought to Cast Aside that Straw Hat."

The poet smiled Wanly, endorsed the Sentiment of his Employer, and Requested a Loan of Five Dollars that he might Purchase a new Tile. The Employer Handed out the V. and then retired to his private office and Clubbed himself half to Death.

On the following morning the Poet entered the Office with a Stylish Derby on, and his Employer, desiring to be Even with him, Said:

"That Hat looks pretty Dry. Do you not think it would wear better and longer if you were to Wet it?"

The Poet ran his Fingers through his Hair, and said he would be Happy to Treat if his Employer would Advance the Money.

And the Employer was forced to go out and Set Up a Round of Brandy-and-Soda, and the Poet never Paid him back.

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that Gratuitous Suggestions are often Disastrous to the Suggestor.

## VI.—THE VISIONARY ROBIN.

A happy Robin was one day Chanting a Requiem over the Deceased Summer in the Forest. Having finished, it said:

"And now I'll away to the Balmy Land, where all the year the Magnolias are full of Humming Birds, where—"

In Response to the Bang of a Gun in a Small Boy's hand, the Robin concluded not to go South, and two days after it was Sold for a Quail on a Railroad Lunch Counter for a dollar.

MORAL. Don't Sing too loud until you are out of the Woods.

R. K. M.

## ZAGAZIG.

Sir Garnet feels serene and big,  
Because he's got to Zagazig.

His soldiers dance a merry jig  
Along the streets of Zagazig,  
And sing, and smoke the Turkish cig-  
Arette as well, in Zagazig.

Bismillah! Arabi did dig  
That morning out of Zagazig!

Three weeks this Pasha took to rig  
His fortresses at Zagazig,

But in ten minutes with his brig-  
Adiers he ran from Zagazig.

He must be saddest when he fig-  
Ures up his loss at Zagazig.

His hair he pulls, or else his wig,  
When e'er he thinks of Zagazig,

And how they eat the roasted pig  
He reared at fallen Zagazig,

Together with the nasal sprig  
Of parsley grown in Zagazig!

In vain the efforts of the nig.  
To save the day at Zagazig.

Yet soon, in London, wine he'll swig,  
And think no more of Zagazig,

But with the poet and the prig—  
Zagazig.

..... trig-  
Ger.....

..... contig-  
Uous.....

..... lig-  
Num vita..... Zagazig.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE RECENT anti-monopoly convention, a Saratoga, says, in its platform, that women have the same inalienable rights as men. So they have, and more, too. Don't they take up more room in the horse-cars than a man? Don't they travel more at man's expense than man does at theirs? Don't they wear grindstone hats at theatres when man can't wear any? Aren't they the cause of all trouble? Do they not waste their time at fashionable watering-places, while their husbands are slaving for them in the city? Oh, no, women have no rights at all.

## AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.



DEMOCRATIC VISITOR:—"AIN'T THEM PRETTY OLD DUCKS FOR A BASE-BALL NINE?"  
RECTOR:—"MY DEAR SIR, THEY'RE NOT BALL PLAYERS; IT IS THE THEOLOGICAL FACULTY OF MY COLLEGE."



## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXLII.

A STRANGE COMMUNICATION.

NEWPORT, Sept. 18th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:



Ya-as, some aw misguided individual has thought pwopah to address me an anonymous lettah, enclosing a communication we-garding Ameri-can railroads. On weading the manuscript with attention I discovered to my horwah and surprise that it was a nefarious attempt to bwing me into widicule, and I therefore send you the documents weferred to, that you may use your own discwetion in the mattah, which, I hope, will lead to the punishment of the mis-cweant for the outgawe, and we-main, sir,

Your obedient servant,

FWANCIS FITZNOODLE AW.

## RAILROADS.

Ya-as, aw, it is quite flattahwing to be shu-ah to aw find my opinions sought aftah mo-ah and mo ah by membahs of the wefined and intelligent circles of this weally pwogressive coun-twy aw. While it is mo-ah flattahwing to aw them than to me, yet I am aw willing to "call it squa-ah," to indulge in a favorwite geomet-wical Ameri-can bahbahwism.

I have been requested to make a few obsah-vations on railroads aw.

Now, weally, this is quite an extensive sub-ject, even for a mind like mine aw. Yet I can-not wefuse at the wisk of causing a wide-spread disappointment.

It swikes me aw that the railwoad man-agahs of Ameri-ca sacwifice everwything to the one consideration of speed. Not that twains wun with gweatah wapidwity he-ah than in Gweat Bwitamin or on the Continent; but aw the Ameri-cans love a noise and aw fuss and a

gweat appearwance of hurwy, even when there is aw no possible weason for it.

Anothah mattah aw has fallen undah my no-tice. Howevah attentive to their usual duties the employees on a wunning twain may be; no mattah how civil to passengurs they are un-dah ordinary circumstances, the moment a detention or an accident aw of any sort occurs they invarwibly wush off aw.

I do not mean to imply aw that they decamp fwom their post of duty. I wefer to the pwac-tice of wefusing to affo-ahd aw passengahs any pah-ticle of satisfaction or information in we-gard to where they are, why the twain has stopped, or any information wespecting the nature of the accident, the cause of the delay or the pwobable durwation of their captivity.

To be forced to wait for an unknown per-iod, in an unknown place, for an unknown weason, is more distwessing aw to the nerves than the accident itself.

Aw, as railwoad managahs have inaugu-rated some improwvements alweady aw, mostly of Bwewish orwigin, including the dwessing of the gahds in uniform, they may in time intwo-duce othahs.

And aw, by-the-way, when I wefer to gahds I mean, of course, the people he-ah called con-ductahs and bwakemen aw; but I am more familiar with the corwect titles of these pah-ties as used in England aw.

Perwhaps the railwoad magnates will, in time, instwuct their employees to afford passen-gurs who pay for their tickets a word or two of necessarwy information now and then aw.

Ya-as, I will not now exhaust this subject and aw myself, but weserve the we-mainder for some fuchah occasion aw.

SEVERAL REASONS why the convicted Star Routers should have a new trial:

First.—Because they are not guilty.

Second.—Because they didn't steal very much.

Third.—Because if they didn't steal much it was be-cause there wasn't much to steal.

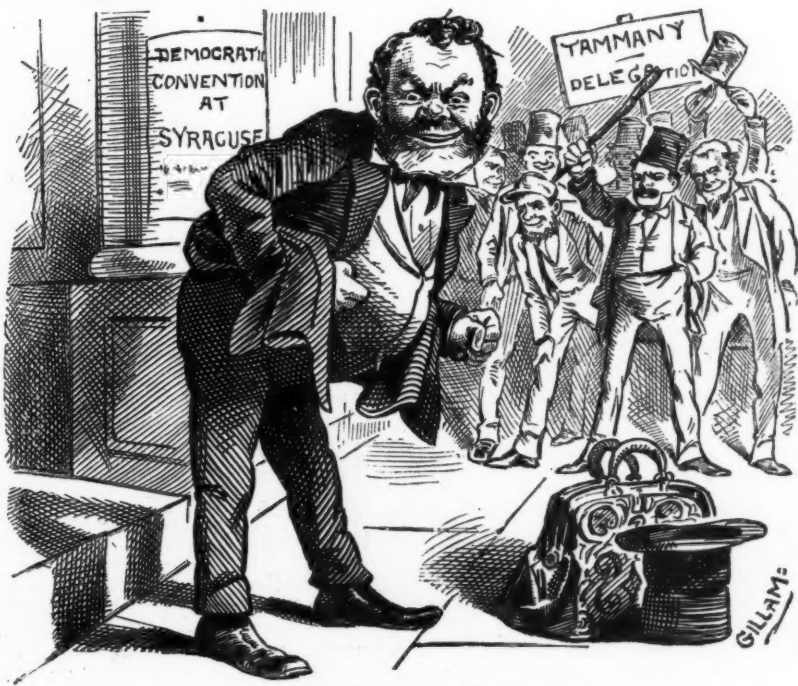
Fourth.—Because they did not intend to steal.

Fifth.—Because at the time of stealing they were in-sane.

Sixth.—Because they are perfectly sane now; and

Seventh.—They are nice men anyhow.

## KELLY STRIKES HIS GREAT HISTORICAL ATTITUDE.



"DO PLEASE KICK ME AGAIN!"

## HIS NOCTURNAL VIGIL.

"Who's there?"

The clear soprano tones echoed with a start-ling effect in the silent moonlit street, and struck a deep chill through the frame of Arthur Jones, who was swaying weirdly at the door below. He almost dropped off the stoop.

"Is that you?"

He nodded his head wearily in answer to this antediluvian interrogation, and then stum-bled down to the sidewalk to obtain a better view. There, in the second floor casement, ghostly in the pale moonlight, was the white form of his soul's treasure. An idea emerged to him:

"Ha, ha! wha' li—'ic, through yonner win-ner breaks? 'Tis s'casn, hic, Elgtha's sun. M'dear got er toothache again."

Here he felt that he was looking up too much, and he sat down in the gutter to reflect.

"Why don't you come into the house?"

Again those soprano tones! He braced up. "I will, m'dear, if y'only throw downer key-hole!"

The moonlight on the deserted sidewalks grew paler as Elgitha slammed the window down and disappeared from view.—*Tug Wilson, in Patagonian Tribune.*

## DRUM-TAPS.

THE KHEDIVE'S Prime Minister turns out to be only a Cherif.

ON ARTICLES refused their writer's stuck; They—and the stamps—are not returned by PUCK.

YOUR AVERAGE Christian spends thirteen cents worth of gratitude for a week of fine weather and wastes four thousand dollars worth of grumbling over one unpleasant evening.

"WHAT ARE you singing, my child?"

"Flee as a Bird," pa."

"Bosh! Ornithological absurdity. Entomol-ogical incongruity. Flea is an insect. I'll dis-charge that music teacher."

FILBERTSON CANNOT understand why the Bench Show Committee never awards a prize to a Type Setter nor a Blue Pointer. He fool-ishly tried to enter his dog in the apple depart-ment of the Fair, because Spitz an' Bergh might be rewarded. JOHN ALBRO.

WHEN THE fascinating ticker is a-ticking,  
Is a-ticking,  
And by points the market rises one by one,  
One by one,  
The enterprising broker's never kicking,  
Never kicking,  
And the speculator counts his profits won,  
Profits won.  
But the fascinating ticker gets a-ticking,  
Gets a-ticking,  
And by points the market tumbles two by two,  
Two by two,  
And the enterprising broker, never kicking,  
Never kicking,  
Looks for other lambs that he can "do,"  
He can do.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, one of Mrs. Vic-toria's sons, is said to have been very cool at the capture of Tel-el-Kebir; but he did not display half as much coolness as in accepting the command of the brigade of guards over the heads of his seniors and betters.

## SHE WANTED REDRESS.

She was a tall, thin lady, with a mole on her nose, from which a gentle shaft of black hair flowed in a melodious cascade. She looked the ideal of dyspepsia, and had on a Paisley shawl and a pair of black cloth gaiters laced up the sides. Her bonnet was pushed well back on her head, and a pair of black lace mits hung languidly over her vein-ribbed knuckles.

Walking boldly into the office, she struck an attitude like unto that of Ajax defying lightning, swung her umbrella around her head several times, brought it down on the desk with great force and inquired:

"Is the editor in?"

"He is," was the musical rejoinder of the young man in the easy-chair, as he opened his knife and commenced to sharpen a lead-pencil: "What can I do for you?"

"I want some kind of satisfaction!" yelled the old lady, as she brought her umbrella down on the desk so hard that it almost upset the inkstand.

"Satisfaction?" replied the editor: "satisfaction? I don't understand you, madam; will you kindly explain?"

She dropped her umbrella, pulled off her lace mits, opened an old-fashioned valise, drew forth a copy of PUCK, and, pointing her finger at an article entitled "The Irrelevant Landlady," said, with great emphasis:

"From some things in this piece I know it is intended for a satire on me, and I just came down here to make it warm for you. Now, in the first place, you state that I was married in 1840, which isn't so at all; I was married in 1851, and I didn't live at Pamrapo, either; I lived at Batavia, N. Y., and I never read a line of Curran in my life—I only read French authors."

"I don't think that sketch was intended for a history of you, or for a catalogue of your peculiarities; it was purely imaginary," replied the editor, as he put a fresh pen in the holder.

"You can't stave me off in that way," she replied, with great vigor: "because we are a cucumber-eating house, and I want it understood that I never cut cucumbers up and left them in salt over-night in all my life. And you say that I lived with my grandmother on a farm, do you? Well, I just guess I didn't. I never lived on a farm, and I couldn't tell a plough from a harrow to save me. And I never gathered apples that my brother shook down. I never had a brother. I only had a sister, and her name was Bertha. She died when she was eighteen, of scarletina. This is the way she caught it. She was down at Whitestone—"

"I am very busy," broke in the editor, as he spread a lot of copy paper before him and dipped his pen in the ink.

"I can't help that, sir," chirped the landlady: "my boarding-house is first-class, and on the strength of that I want some redress for the abuse that has been heaped upon me in so remorseless a manner. Now, you state that I fed Dobbin apples out of my hand, and we didn't have a horse. We only had a dog. His name was Carlo, and he was the best watch-dog I ever saw. No burglar could get in while he was around. And you say that there were two mortgages on the place, when we never had more than one, and we took that to raise the money to have the house shingled. You see the roof leaked fearfully, and my brother used to sail around the garret in a canoe. This is the way he came to get the canoe—"

"Madam, they are waiting for copy!" yelled the editor, as he drove his hands through his hair.

"I don't care," she replied, as she danced around and swung her umbrella in the air: "I'm not going to be put off in that kind of style. You said I lived in Flatbush, and that's

enough to hurt my business. I never lived in Flatbush at all in a two-hundred-dollar-per-annum cottage. Our cottage cost five hundred dollars a year, and it was out in New Jersey. And our dog didn't sleep under the barn, nor could you see his teeth back to his shoulder-blades every time he opened his mouth. He used to sleep by the kitchen stove, and he hadn't any teeth at all. I'll tell you how he lost them: One day he ran out of the gate at a boy, and the boy hauled off with a rake and—"

"Madam, will you come in some other time when I am at leisure?"

"This is my only idle day," chimed the old lady: "and I am going to make the most of it. You said my boy lathered the dog with his father's shaving brush, and you said that I upset the mucilage down my beloved husband's neck, and that my great-grandfather was in the War of 1812, and a whole lot of other stuff that isn't true, and you made me tell it to a boarder, and that is what riles me. I want you to understand that I never told a boarder such a thing in my life, and I was never reduced to a solitary boarder, either, until last Summer, and I never told him any such things as you mention. Sometimes I told him about my early life, and how I once got up a cucumber sauce and made a fortune. This is the way you make the sauce: First you get a quantity of cucumbers that are not too ripe, and—"

"Will you leave me alone?" asked the editor.

"No, I won't. When you come out and say that I don't know terrapin to be sea-turtle, and that I think land-turtle ought to be as palatable as sea-turtle, and that I once had a sea-turtle with George Washington's signature blown in his back to show that he was genuine, I think it about time to declare war. I am very peaceable. I never had but one fight, and that was with a woman. She said the clothes didn't set right on my child, and I asked her to return the flat-irons she borrowed two months before, and she—"

"Fire!" screamed the editor.

And he pressed his hands against his head and seemed about to faint, when the old lady moved to the door, and, turning, brandished her umbrella and said:

"All right, you mean thing, not to give a poor defenseless woman satisfaction; but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll get right out and put the law on you, and have your old building torn down, that's what I'll do, you miserable, miserable, mis, mis, mis!"

And she held her head back, and walked out as defiantly and proudly as though she had just been made Empress of China.

## THE UNIVERSAL PIANO.



ARISTOCRATIC RESIDENT (of the Faubourg d'Upper New York):—"Tis fur Mary Ann's new pianny they're measurin' the dure!"

## MORE VARIATIONS.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS again PUCK states  
He sells to Stockwell or in flames cremates.

STALE MANUSCRIPTS and pomes avaunt! Your  
luck  
Is but the ragman or the stove—signed PUCK.

WOULD YOU your weak and sickly brainwork  
trace?  
Go search the paper mill or fireplace.

STALE MANUSCRIPTS and pomes avaunt! Your  
fate  
Is but the ragman or the lurid grate.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS profound  
Bring just a half-a-cent a pound,  
And fill the office boy  
With joy.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:  
I don't let any Harrisburg poet get away with me on  
the "rejected" question.  
Cast your eye on the following.

Yours, MACK.

IN VAIN arises the young poets' ire,  
PUCK puts rejected articles into the fire.

PUCK TEARS rejected articles in tatters,  
And thus the authors' hopes he rudely shatters.

ALAS FOR the hopes the poet had in view,  
He sees PUCK's Billy goat his poems chew.

NO REJECTED articles are e'er sent back,  
Over them his lips PUCK's William goat doth  
smack.



## AMUSEMENTS.

"Mankind" is pursuing the startling tenor of its way at DALY'S THEATRE.

"The Lights o' London," with all the original effects, crowds NIBLO'S GARDEN nightly.

The Maffitt & Bartholomew Variety Company holds the fort at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.

Miss Minnie Palmer is at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, playing in "My Sweetheart."

At Mr. Abbey's GRAND OPERA HOUSE "The World," with its explosion, raft scene and entertaining horrors flourishes.

Miss Laura Don bears her triumphs easily at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE. "A Daughter of the Nile" attracts and pleases by its novelty and other good qualities.

The THALIA THEATRE season began on Thursday night with "The Merry War." The event occasioned a great gathering of the Teutonic clans, with a large sprinkling of Americans.

ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE is devoted to Miss Maggie Mitchell and her special characters. She proved that she is not a one-part actress by playing *Jane Eyre* last week with considerable effect.

Diogenes begged for bread, but "Around the World in Eighty Days," by the Kiralfy Brothers, in Boston, is drawing ten thousand dollars, and hundreds have been unable to find even standing room.

"Patience" holds the stage at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, and the company is a strong one, including, as it does, Lillian Russell, Lily Post, Laura Joyce, John Howson, Digby Bell and Charles Campbell.

This month has seen the last of the military career of Arabi Pasha, which reminds us that this is the last month of "Esmeralda." Monday, October 9th, we are promised an introduction to "Young Mrs. Winthrop," a new play by Bronson Howard.

"The Blackbird" has succeeded in capturing the original admirers of "The Mulligan Family," and amuses them with something different from what is looked for at HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE, but which is not less enjoyable and excellent of its kind.

Birch, Hamilton and Backus have opened their campaign just as Sir Garnet Wolseley is about closing his; but B., H. & B.'s SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS will take pretty nearly the whole season to get off their fun, and then there'll be a lot of it left. In the meantime they are going to surprise the public with a distressing tragedy called "De Lights o' New York."

Daniel Dougherty, the silver-tongued orator of Pennsylvania, said, at the Cincinnati Convention of 1880, referring to General Hancock: "If elected, he will take his seat." To do this at the METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR would cost the genial General just one dollar, and he would have to use due diligence about it, else others would be before him, as the present bill of amusements there has proved very attractive, and the whole public wants to see it.

Another of those dreadfully exciting, highly-colored and romantic compositions with which New York playgoers are to be regaled this season, was presented on Saturday night, at BOOTH'S THEATRE. It is called "The Romany Rye," and is the work of Mr. G. R. Sims. The London public is said to have been enjoying it for some time, and we shall soon let the world know how our public enjoys a play with such realistic stage pictures, elaborate mechanical effects, and the band of fifty genuine English gypsies.

The theatrical event of the week was the appearance of Mme. Théo, at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, in "Mme. l'Archiduc." Mme. Théo is pretty, clever and lively, and has that arch, saucy manner peculiar to French actresses of her type. She succeeds in putting a great deal of expression into her well-shaped, silk-encased feet and ankles, but does not exceed the bounds of propriety. Those who go to see her in the expectation of enjoying singing will be disappointed. She has not a musical note in her voice, but makes up for the absence of it by her roguish ways and by the pleasing style in which with her weak, though sympathetic, treble she pipes her songs.

"Taken From Life," with which the regular season at WALLACK'S opened, is neither much better nor much worse than the other noisy and sensational dramas that all American managers have recently had a mania for producing. There is a murder, but there are few plays without that luxury. There is an explosion. We have that in "The World." There is a real horse. We've had that in a dozen dramas. So that "Taken From Life" gives us nothing new. The explosion under the prison wall is wonderfully realistic, and is not surpassed in this respect by any stage effect ever seen in New York. The poverty of the language put in the mouths of the characters does not justify any notice of the acting, although there were several new-comers. When they ap-

pear in plays in which there are other features besides real horses, murders and explosions we may be able to form a more correct estimate of their abilities.

The first annual meet and tournament of the Springfield (Mass.) Bicycle Club will be held this afternoon and evening, and, according to the programme sent us, ought to startle all Massachusetts into an enthusiastic love and respect for the bicycle. There are to be amateur and professional races, and the champion of the United States will undertake to knock out two competitors, alternating in opposition every five miles in a twenty-mile race. It will be a great day for knee-breeches.

## PERILS OF A RUSSIAN BATH ATTENDANT.



GENTLEMAN FROM ARIZONA:—"Use me tender, stranger, an' go light with them towels and scrapers, fur there's no tellin' when I mout begin t' shoot!"

## "TRAVELED."

We walked beneath the moonlit skies,  
I and my dark Castilian maid—  
The brightest stars my lady's eyes—  
As through the leaf-decked paths we strayed.  
And how I sought my lady's hand—  
I quoted Shakspeare, Byron, Pope;  
To in her Spanish graces stand,  
I quoted e'en from Spanish "Lope."  
She granted I was fair and true,  
But still consented not, but caviled—  
Admitted I was generous, too,  
But then she said I was not "traveled."

I pleaded then: Had I not been  
Atop far-famed St. Peter's dome,  
And Father Tiber's waters seen  
A-rolling near to ancient Rome?  
(New York.)

Had I not sailed the river Seine,  
Where quaysmen's noise the soul does harass?  
I hope to walk the Bois again,  
In bustling, ever-lively Paris.  
(Texas.)

Had I not roamed o'er Belgium's fields,  
And talked with old Pete Johnson's daughter  
Lou?

My fancy to its power yields,  
O noble, fertile, pleasant Waterloo!  
(Indiana.)

I thought my loved one kinder grew,  
And gently soft'ning did I deem her;  
For did I not each crater view,  
In rumbling, earthquake-stricken Lima?  
(Ohio.)

And now we walk 'neath moonlit skies,  
My maid and I, a happy pair, oh!  
And brighter grow those heavenly eyes  
Upon the desert sands of Cairo.  
(Illinois.) N. M. L.

The new edition of *Zell's Encyclopædia* contains many improvements and additions to this standard and indispensable work. There is no book of its size that has so much readily accessible and condensed trustworthy information. Every man ought to have it in his library, and the man who hasn't a library needs it all the more.

## ANOTHER CONVENTION.

We thought it would come to this. The Anti-Monopolists have had their Convention, and now the Monopolists have followed with theirs.

They were not going to be outdone by a number of men banded together for the avowed purpose of ruining their business and circulating pernicious doctrines among the people.

The Convention was held in that part of the Supreme Court situated in Mr. Jay Gould's office, in the Western Union Building.

It consisted of twenty-five delegates, and was called to order after mid-day luncheon by Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who proposed Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt as President of the Convention.

## THE PLATFORM.

Mr. Jay Gould, Chairman of the Committee on Platform, reported resolutions as follows:

The Monopolists of the United States, in convention assembled, call attention to these indisputable facts:

Railroads and telegraphs have become very important factors in our civilization. It is, therefore, eminently proper that they should be properly controlled and not allowed to fall into the hands of persons who know nothing about them.

It behooves us to do our utmost to overcome the machinations of the miserable people who are opposed to our principles, and to secure for our personal use every mile of railroad, every yard of telegraph-wire and every acre of land in the country, and thus run these things in a manner to suit ourselves.

How is it possible for mechanics, small traders, manufacturers and the general body of the people to understand the principles of stock-watering, and the raising or lowering of railway rates? They cannot do it—they have neither the minds nor the money; we therefore undertake to act for their benefit, and if in so doing we make a few paltry millions, which scarcely pays us for the hard work, we think it exceedingly ungrateful of them to grumble.

We approve of each monopolist's having his own special, private judge of the Supreme Court, if possible, to grant injunctions, to make decisions at any time or place. Reward for such work should be on a liberal scale. In important matters, extra pay should be given to those who undertake to be on duty at night for emergencies.

We deplore the grasping character of state legislatures. In the better days of the Republic, ten or twenty-five dollars was all that was required to secure a vote. Now the members ask as many thousands, and then we can never be certain that they will vote for the bills we have paid them to support. There can be no punishment too severe for a legislator who will take money from a poor, innocent monopolist and then vote the other way. We record our unqualified protest against the practice.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted. A committee for the purpose of choosing monopolist candidates for Governor and President was appointed.

The Convention then adjourned for the day.

## Answers for the Anxious.

J. W. D.—Thanks!

L. R. S.—No thanks.

W. J. ST. S.—Why, certainly.

HASELTINE.—She has shot her Tam O'Shanter.

TAGGERT.—Why don't we notice your letter? Can't say, Taggert. Maybe you take us for the United States post-office and Pinkerton's detective agency combined. We never had a letter from you before this wail of agony with which you have just favored us. We couldn't possibly have forgotten it if we had. There is something about your style, and something else about your handwriting, which would make an impression upon a stone idol with a gilt nose. Maybe the letter burnt a hole in the mail-bag and fell out and got lost. Maybe you never wrote it.

CUT CUTTER, St. Louis.—We don't know—we don't wish to flatter you; but we have a faint idea—mind, we say we are not certain; but we are inclined to think that if you were to try hard, board in a lunatic asylum and eliminate phosphorus from your diet—we think you might run opposition to the Sweet Singer of Michigan. We base this hesitating conjecture upon careful study of the following stanza in the poem you have sent us:

"I never yet for a Paper  
Did write a line or word  
Oughtn't now to cut such a caper  
When I know it's so absurd  
But I'm so very far away  
You cawnot reach me here  
Or I know that by the dawn of day  
You'd have me by the ear.

If it isn't poetry, at least it has a heavy substratum of fact.



THE GARDEN PARTY OF THE ON  
While the Court "Beauties" are Wooed





THE MONOPOLISTS—LOUIS XV. STYLE.  
 are Wood People are Discontented and Threatening.

## HIS GOLDEN SCHEME.

He was a tall, thin, dilapidated-looking man, with about two weeks' growth of white beard foaming out of his face. His Prince Albert, which once was black, was faded into a golden-rod tint, and his shoes were fastened on with wire. Entering the office with a shy, tremulous tread, he chanted:

"Are you the editor?"

"Yes, sir," politely replied a young man with a classic brow, as he twisted his diamond ring around his finger.

"Well, I am glad to meet you," continued the stranger, as he helped himself to a chair: "because I have a big scheme on hand which will make us both independently rich if you will write it up and keep banging away at it in your paper."

"What is the scheme?"

"Well, to start, you know people don't read patent-medicine poetry as much as they used to?"

"I don't think they do—it is becoming trite."

"Exactly, sir, exactly," piped the stranger, overjoyed at the editor's endorsement of his argument: "and I have a scheme to beat it—a scheme by which the verses may be given to the public by main force. This is my plan—"

"Can't you come in this afternoon, when I'm at leisure?" replied the editor, suddenly changing his mind.

"Impossible, sir, impossible. By this P. M., when the setting sun is gilding yon misty hills, I shall be far from here, unfolding my scheme to some one else. This is the scheme, and I desire you to put it before all the patent-medicine men in the world. You must first have the verses written."

"Really I am very busy."

"But you must listen," replied the visitor: "for it concerns the welfare of mankind. You see, after you have the verses written, you employ some good-looking young men to memorize them, and start out on the road. The agent—for each one is an agent—must mount the stoop, ring the bell and ask if the lady is at home. He must hand in his card, and, when she comes down to the parlor, he must jump up and shout:

"If you would raise the mortgage  
That on your farm encamps,  
Why, use McGeery's Ginger  
When e'er you have the cramps."

"No, the lady will never forget that; and it will do McGeery more good than columns and columns of stuff that no one reads. And then the agent might go on:

"If you would be a poet,  
And win a laurel wreath,  
Use each night, on retiring,  
Smith's Powder for the teeth."

"Then the agent might—"

"Will you stop?" asked the editor.

"In just five minutes. Time me. Now, another branch of my scheme—if I must cut the thing short—is to have all barbers furnished with thrilling narratives, with patent-medicine climaxes, to spring on their patrons instead of the sermons they preach according to a regulation method. The barber might begin—"

"Great Caesar!" murmured the editor: "won't you let up?"

"Directly. As I said before, the barber might begin in this way: It was a beautiful day at the close of September. The twilight shadows were creeping softly over the dreaming clover. Beneath the trysting-tree stood Lillian waiting impatiently for Rupert, who was to bear her away to make her his own. As the first star—"

"I can't hear any more of this, sir," said the editor.

## "I STILL LIVE!"



BLAINE OF MAINE ON TOP AGAIN.

The Republicans Carried Maine by a Plurality Over the Democrats and Greenbackers of 6,000 Votes.

"What do you want to stop me for, right at the opening? Can't you leave me alone and let me work up to the Curricurracko-cures-Neuralgia-and-Lumbago-inside-of-ten-days climax. You don't know what you're missing. You don't know what a big scheme I've got. You are as impervious to the spirit of the art of making money as an old cow. You are only fit to be a sausage-wright."

"Get out of here, right away!"

"And then you won't give my scheme a notice?"

"No, sir; move out!"

The man with the golden scheme arose with great dignity and said:

"I'll be off; and the next time I come around I'll fetch you some impossible things. I'll present you with some kerosene that won't explode; and a negro servant who didn't collaborate with Washington; and a pair of trousers that can't be bagged at the knees; and an oldest inhabitant that can't remember walking over to Staten Island on the ice; and a hackman that hasn't a cent to his name—"

"Get out!"

"Certainly; and I'll be around soon and give you a self-raising mortgage. This is another scheme of mine. I have patented it in my own name; it's called 'Munger's Patent Self-raising Mortgage.' Here's the caveat—"

"Get out!" yelled the editor: "if you bring me anything, bring me something I need."

"Then I'll bring you two things you are sadly in need of."

"What are they?"

"A handbook on etiquette and a cake of soap."

And, cracking his hat on with great vigor, he moved majestically out.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

IT NOW seems highly probable that some enterprising police organ will import Sir Garnet Wolseley to fight John L. Sullivan.

TALK ABOUT lively compositors! Why, our compositors eclipse them all in the high art of the profession. Can they read our copy? can they read our copy? Why, bless you, we don't give them any copy; we just tell them the ideas of the articles, and they set them right up out of their minds.

NO MORE the airy hammock swings  
Across the cottage porch,  
No more we'll fly, as though with wings,  
Upon the strand to scorch;  
No more the sunflowers gaily blow  
So graceful and petite,  
For now we dream of ice and snow  
And country sausage meat.

AND NOW that the family is back to the city, the old lady carefully examines the bathing-suits that she and her daughters used at Newport, and concludes that they will not be fashionable next year. And yet they are too good to give away, so she cuts them down and makes them into underclothes for the children, and nails the thin pieces on the bottom of the door to keep the draft out, and lays the odd pieces aside to go for a new rag-carpet. This strikes the young ladies as being the right kind of economy, as rag-carpets are useful and nice, and new, nobby bathing-suits next year will be just the thing.



## DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

## I.

## MEDICAL VOCABULARY.

**RUN DOWN.**—Been on a bat.  
**OLD SCHOOL.**—Dosing to death.  
**NEW SCHOOL.**—Faith and sugar-plums.  
**WANTS BUILDING UP.**—Cakes and ale.  
**MALARIA.**—Damfino what's the matter.  
**LACK OF TONE.**—Gorged and sedentary.  
**RECOGNIZED TREATMENT.**—Murder by rule.  
**SEWER-GAS.**—Haven't an idea how you got ill.  
**BEAUTIFUL OPERATION.**—Crippling a fellow-being.  
**PERFECT QUIET.**—Keeping gossips out of the house.  
**TOO HIGH STRUNG.**—Thinks she is dying of a bunion.  
**NERVOUS PROSTRATION.**—Coming out of the jimjams.  
**NEURALGIA.**—You've got a bad pain somewhere and somehow.  
**NEEDS A RADICAL CHANGE.**—Stop smoking and go to bed early.  
**CONSULT EUROPEAN SPECIALIST.**—Go abroad and die there—not here.  
**PROFESSIONAL SERVICES.**—Polite to the family and serviceable to the druggist.  
**PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.**—Subterranean advertising, and working only one's own route.

## II.

## SHOP VOCABULARY.

**FASHIONABLE.**—Salable to idiots.  
 Example: These pointed shoes are very fashionable.  
**SPECIALTY.**—Anything we happen to sell.  
 Example: We make a specialty of thread and needles.  
**STANDARD GOODS.**—Job-lots from auction.  
 Example: These scarfs, three for a dollar, are our standard goods.  
**MISFIT.**—Second-hand, but scoured.  
 Example: These carpets we mark at half the regular price, because they are misfits.  
**FULL WEIGHT.**—Subject to customary fraud.  
 Example: We always give full weight in delivering coal—(i. e., about 1,600 lbs. to the ton of 2,240 lbs.)  
**CUSTOM-MADE.**—Spoiled in manufacture.  
 Example: This riding habit is custom-made—(i. e., we made a botch of it and had it returned to us.)  
**EASTLAKE.**—Glued together.  
 Example: This furniture is real Eastlake—(i. e., the hideous pattern is held together with glue only.)  
**GUARANTEE.**—Desire to sell. Keenly anxious to get rid of.  
 Samples: We guarantee these gloves. I guarantee that horse.  
**GIVE YOU GOOD SATISFACTION.**—Will last till you get home—with care.  
 Example: This \$1.50 umbrella will give you good satisfaction.  
**CHOICE LOT.**—Chosen to get rid of.  
 Example: These oranges are a choice lot—(i. e., if we keep them over-night the Board of Health will interfere.)  
**HAND-MADE.**—Bought in quantities from factories.

Example: These clothes-pins cost a cent a dozen, because they are hand-made.

**OUR OWN MAKE.**—Factory goods.

Example: These carpet-tacks are our own make—(i. e., we buy them from the jobber who gets them from the agent of the nail mills.)

**GOOD CUSTOMER.**—One who submits to overcharges.

Example: Mr. Suddenwealth is one of our best customers—(i. e., his servants order what they like and he pays the bills without questioning quantities or prices.)

**SELLING OUT** (in consequence of removal).—Marking up prices 25 per cent.

**PEREMPTORY SALE.**—Marking up prices 30 per cent.

**ASSIGNEES' SALE.**—Marking up prices 35 per cent.

**SELLING OUT AT COST.**—Marking up prices 40 per cent. MANAT.

## MELONLAND.

By a route obscure and lonely,  
 Haunted by grim hoot-owls only,  
 Where a bull-pup named Delight  
 Slily watches in the night—  
 I have seen this spot but newly,  
 This lone patchlet owned by Dooly.  
 I can very well remember,  
 It was in the mild September,  
 And my tongue was parched and dry  
 Very like an August sky,  
 And my reveries loved to dwell on  
 The most toothsome, luscious melon.  
 Straightway from my feverish room  
 Stole I forth into the gloom,  
 Cautiously my pathway wended  
 Where the shadows most befriended,  
 Till I reached that charmed spot,  
 Melonland, old Dooly's lot.  
 As I stood a treacherous vine  
 'Round my ankle did entwine,  
 And with thunderous crash I fell on  
 An enormous watermelon;  
 From that spot I madly fled,  
 Onward in the darkness sped,  
 Bitterly my folly rueing,  
 For the bull-pup was pursuing  
 Over fences, over ditches,  
 Leaving portions of my breeches  
 In the jaws of that unruly,  
 Savage bull-pup owned by Dooly.  
 Since that time I've grown much thinner,  
 And stand up when eating dinner.  
 I have hied me home but newly  
 From that patchlet owned by Dooly.

R. O. F.

## NO RINT!

## WHY THE LEASE WAS NOT SIGNED.

"Wilcome, Mister Killakalea," said Demosthenes O'Brien: "it's a rare pleasure to say you in such a place and at such a time. The affairs of the organization never stood higher, and, saying so, I ask you to drink with me, Mr. Killakalea!"

The gentleman thus pleasantly addressed needed no further invitation, so, arm-in-arm, Messrs. Killakalea and O'Brien approached the bar.

"A glass of Hogan's best gin," said Mr. O'Brien: "bad luck to me. It's a long day, Mister Killakalea, since I drank in such good company!"

"You flatter, Mr. O'Brien," said the other, stroking the sawdust on the floor with his cane and drawing himself to and from the bar by his hold on the towel suspended near the corner: "Your smiling face tells me that the folks are all well. I wonder only that even in such a cause you could tear yourself away from them so readily."

Then the bar-keeper produced a bottle of the gin asked for, and his two patrons clicked pleasantly their glasses and drank heavily and merrily to the health of "Ould Ireland and the Jimmicratic party."

"Foley's slow in coming," said Mr. Killakalea: "There would be no quorum without him."

Scarcely had these words been spoken when the smiling visage of Mr. Foley presented itself at the bar-room door, and soon thereafter greetings were interchanged among the tyro.

"Another drink," said Mr. O'Brien: "and this time for the success of the Cause."

"With me," said Mr. Foley: "I insist upon it. I treat the house. Come, boys, what shall it be?"

Mr. O'Brien yielded with some reluctance, and every man in the place hearkened to the magic signal and ranged himself in line.

"To the good health and long life of Parnell, Davitt, Dillon and the Land Laygue, to the success of Arabi Bey, to the downfall of Lawson, Wolesey and Gladstone, to the brave boys of Limerick—may the shadow of J. O'Donovan Rossa never grow less and the Lord Mayor of London be compelled to send to Ireland for his meals! Come, boys, let us drink together."

Mr. Foley smiled as his invitation was accepted.

Then, drawing from his pocket three rosettes, he gave one to Mr. Killakalea and one to Mr. O'Brien. These were of white. The third, a red one, he placed in his button-hole as befitted the dignity of the Chairman of the Sub-committee of Rooms and Grievances of Branch 9 of the Land League.

Inspired to the proper performance of their duties by sundry potatoes of Hogan's best, Messrs. Foley, O'Brien and Killakalea sallied forth on their mission, which was, simply, the hiring of some quarters at which the future sessions of Branch 9 of the Land League could be held.

As good and loyal an Irishman as any of them

## NEW YORK VOTERS WILL NEVER BE SATISFIED.



WADSWORTH.

TOO YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED.

TILDEN.

TOO OLD AND TOO EXPERIENCED.

—for admiration of what is right and detestation of tyranny, injustice and every force of wrong is not the attribute of any particular nation, but the privilege and heritage of the good man of all—I stood by and watched the movements of these men, curious to understand how the woes of a noble people could to any degree be assuaged by drinks partaken with such singular unanimity.

Mr. Isadore Isaacs, a young man of twenty-seven profitable Summers, sat at his desk, pen in hand, at the real estate office of Isaacs & Sons, writing out permits to visit sundry tenements, signing contracts and agreements, filling in the blank of leases and transfers, and busying himself generally with the interests of a number of landlords and tenants.

He had just made out a blank receipt for the rent of an attic-room in Hester Street, when the Sub-committee of the Land League No. 9 entered, and Mr. Foley, as the spokesman, craved leave from Mr. Isaacs to address the Chair.

"The chair won't do you any good," said Mr. Isaacs, scarcely looking up from his digests: "address me, if you want anything, and do it quick, for I have a lot of work to do yet to-day."

"What apartments may you have to rint?" asked Mr. Foley, eloquently: "some time in the order of lodge-room, I mane."

Mr. Isaacs submitted a printed list, with prices opposite, and Messrs. Foley, Killakalea and O'Brien withdrew to a corner and held a conference on the subject. After much excited talk, and many deft and delicate compliments paid each other, the Land League triumvirate determined on an unlet floor which would just suit their purpose.

"All right," said Mr. Isaacs: "it is not five doors from here. The landlord lives up-stairs on the premises. We can go at once and visit the place."

And thus saying he put on his hat, and the four men started.

At the first saloon encountered Mr. Killakalea suggested to Mr. Isaacs the advantages of a drink, but the wily real estate agent protested that it was during business hours and that it would be impossible to accept.

"Short life to you," said Mr. Killakalea.

They proceeded in silence. Arriving at a rather grotesque structure, Mr. Isaacs called from the recesses of the grocery on the first floor a portly Teuton whom he introduced as the landlord, and at this the Sub-committee bowed low.

"We desire to inspect the floor you have to let," said Mr. Foley, in his most persuasive tones.

The Teuton led the way up-stairs, wondering at the significance of the rosettes.

"What rint do you charge?" asked Mr. Foley.

"Fifty dollars a month," responded the landlord.

"Is there gas and water on the floor?"

"There is."

"Will you give me a six months lease?"

"Certainly."

"And with the privilege to sublet?" suggested Mr. Isaacs, very persuasively.

"No objection to that," responded the landlord: "none in the least."

"Is the building insured?" ventured Mr. Killakalea.

The landlord nodded.

"Not in an English company, I trust," said Mr. O'Brien.

"The Hartford Mutual," said Mr. Isaacs. "Begorra, then, you couldn't afford to let it burn down," said Mr. O'Brien.

"Would our books, papers and regalia be perfectly safe?" inquired Mr. Foley.

"Absolutely," said the landlord.

"I think that is all, gentlemen," said Mr. Isaacs: "You are willing to hire the floor for the sum specified—fifty dollars a month, payment, of course, in advance."

"Certainly," said Messrs. O'Brien, Killakalea and Foley in concert.

The party shook hands, and Mr. Killakalea proposed a drink in ratification of the bargain. This was, however, declined, and the landlord, who had said but little, asked Mr. Foley when he and his friends would be willing to sign the lease.

"Oh, suit yourself as to that; the sooner the better, I think."

"One thing more, gentlemen," said the landlord: "Who am I letting to? I understand that you are the representatives of some lodge or organization; but thus far I do not know what it is. This is a circumstance it is only fair I should know."

"Land Laygue, Branch 9," said Mr. O'Brien.

"And what, may I ask," said the landlord: "are the principles of your League?"

"Pay no rint," said Mr. Foley: "The land belongs by right to the tenant. We are agin all landlords. No rint! no eviction! The sons of Ireland, while they have arms to fight and hearts to bate, will never be the slaves of wealth and tyranny! The principle of the Land Laygue is 'pay no rint.' This is the sentiment of the pample from the Shannon to the Liffy, from Belfast to Cork. We are agin all exactions. No process-server shall molest us. In America, the land across the say, that liberty, at last, is assured us. Pay no rint!"

"I am very sorry," said the Teuton: "but I don't want you as tenants!"

Mr. Isaacs tells me that he thinks that Mr. Foley and his colleagues will find much difficulty in getting rooms in New York.

ERNEST HARVIER.

#### SONNET.

Though home is dear, yet oft we needs must sigh,

Longing for what our lifted soles have found  
To shoot beyond the city's narrow bound,  
Where slippery stones and bricky sideways lie;  
That fair r-ideal form we call the "Bi."

By youth desired and by poets crowned  
Whose legs sweep circling in a fervid round  
Where the urged trotter heeds the loud *hi, hi!*  
Frequent to thee our truest hearts return,

Great Mover, *alma rota*, noiseless, kind,  
Whose little saddle a larger home we find.  
And still of thee thy wondering pupils learn,  
While with the flying wires thine ardors burn

Where all our wheeliest melodies are designed.

—*Wolver Endell, in Bicycling World.*

#### A WORD ABOUT CARVING.

It is not alone the fact that the amateur carver misses the joints and tries to cut through the largest bones that fills him with regret and his lap full of sage-and-onions. It is the horrible thought that the entire company is looking at him.

No matter how the perspiration may trickle down between his shoulder-blades, or how the hot flashes may chase the chills up and down his spinal column, or how much his eyes may be dimmed by unshed tears, the rest of the company never allows his interest to flag a moment.

We remember one time we were called to assume the management of a free-for-all carving tournament at the home of a dove-eyed dumpling, whose kind regard we desired to catch on to as far as possible.

How clearly come back to us now the smiling faces of the guests, the rippling laugh, the

bald-headed joke, the thanksgiving conundrum, and all as merry as a marriage bell.

We call to mind the girlish laughter of that one, whose very existence, as she sat on our left that day, seemed cemented and glued to our own.

As we sharpened the glittering blade on the ringing steel, we felt buoyant and proud—proud to think how we would slice the white, calm bosom of that deceased hen; proud to think how in our mind we had laid out the different pregnable points about that old cackler, and in the anticipation of applause glad and free, when we had accomplished the warfare and victory and stuffing had perched upon our banner.

We softly jabbed the shimmering fork a-straddle of the breast-bone, tore off a few goose pimples from under the wings of the late lamented, gouged out a few shattered fragments from the neck and tried to cut a sirloin steak off the back.

An oppressive gloom seemed to pervade the air. The old hen didn't have her joints where we had them laid out in our mind. She was deformed. She seemed to be a freak of nature.

It rattled us and unnerved us.

We gouged wildly at the remains, squirting the gravy right and left, and filling the air with fragments of bread crumbs and sage.

By some kind of omission or miscalculation, we made a wild stab at the back of the late-lamented hen, and, with a frenzy born of repeated defeats and depressing failures, the knife struck the platter with a loud crash, and, ceasing not in its untamed fury, glanced aside, and in an instant buried itself with a sickening thud in the corset of the hired girl.

With difficulty we drew out the glittering blade, now ensanguined with the gore of a fellow creature, wiped it on the table-cloth and fled out into the cold, unsympathetic world—out into the crash and confusion of struggling humanity, to battle on through life under an assumed name.

This is why we tremble and turn pale when our past life is inquired into by biographers. That is why a baked fowl makes us quail.

This is why we always sign our *nom de plume* to a promissory note. That, too, is why we travel *incog.* and without baggage.

—*From "Forty Liars," by Bill Nye.*

"CAN you find room for a scribe on your paper?" "Not unless you want to sub-scribe." And again was that scholarly youth crushed.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

ASKED the stranger: "Where is Genesee Street?" "Genesee quah." They looked wildly at each other a moment and parted forever.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

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**"HAWKEYE" DOTS.**

The peach crop in Delaware is so large this year that peaches will soon be as cheap as members of the Legislature.

There is such an awful adulteration in drugs in Philadelphia that everybody is getting well, and the doctors are in despair.

A Quebec farmer, while returning home from his mowing lot, with his scythe over his shoulder, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. This shows what little use the universe has for a man who mows with a scythe in 1882.

My boy, when a man—any man—tells you he wouldn't have your horse or your gun or your dog as a gift, don't offer to give it to him. That kind of a man always takes everything he can get for nothing, and never pays a cent for anything.

Will the governors of the several states please remain in their respective capitals for a few months and stand by to call out the troops at a minute's warning? A Pittsburg drum corps has just issued a circular arranging for a series of inter-state and local drum contests.

Cetewayo was taken to the House of Lords, and he nearly yawned the top of his head off before a noble lord had "haw-aw'd" himself through a hawf hour's speech. There is really more intellectual development and keen discrimination in that untutored savage than people gave him credit for.—Robert J. Burdette.

A JEFFERSON COUNTY, N. Y., young lady, during her school vacation, "cut sixty acres of grass and thirty acres of grain, and raked most of the same." No doubt she had almost as pleasant a vacation as the young lady in this county, who enjoyed herself during the holidays by plowing a twenty-acre field, picking seven hundred and eighty quarts of blackberries, digging a well, felling twenty acres of woodland, and sitting up with a young man five nights in a week. Between times, for exercise, she picked two hundred bushels of potatoes and read Herbert Spencer's writings.—Norristown Herald.

A HIGHWAY robber took six hundred dollars from Mr. Grayson, near San Antonio, one day last week, and yet Northern papers say that Texas is no place for an industrious man who is willing to take things as they come.—Texas Siftings.

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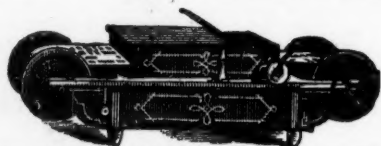
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A LION, who had lived for several years in a certain neighborhood and gained general respect for the manner in which he had conducted himself, was suddenly made the object of slanders and abuse. When he came to trace these stories back he found that they had been started by a Mouse.

"Why have you slandered me?" demanded the Lion.

"Because the people will only accept me as a Mouse," was the reply.

"But am I to blame for that?"

"Perhaps not; but why should you be a Lion, able to strike down the Ox, while I am but a puny Mouse, able only to frighten women and children? What grieves me is the fact that Nature made a mistake."

"Very well," said the King of Beasts: "you go forth and roar and kill, and I will become a Mouse."

The Mouse stalked into the forest and began to growl and roar, but his efforts were received with laughter. After he had tried it again and again, an Owl dropped down beside him and observed:

"Instead of making me afraid, you only disturb my slumbers and annoy my friends. Come inside, out of the malaria."

*Moral.* The Mouse who nibbles at crumbs is doing all that is expected of him. Secondly, he who looks for the mistakes of others simply shows the world his envious feelings.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is said that the Czar has been so completely terrorized by the Nihilists that he is almost bereft of his reason. When he is entirely bereft of his reason he can come to this country and get some high position.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WRITER in the *London Field* says that no two tigers are alike. We'll take his word for it. We're not going to take the trouble to monkey with a couple of tigers just to gratify an ephemeral curiosity.—*Boston Post.*

BEEF is still so high that it is probable that the fashionable Fall bonnet will consist of a porterhouse steak trimmed with a bunch of artificial roses and a few yards of ribbon.—*Phila. Kromble-Herald.*

All your own fault if you remain sick or out of health when you can get Hop Bitters. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

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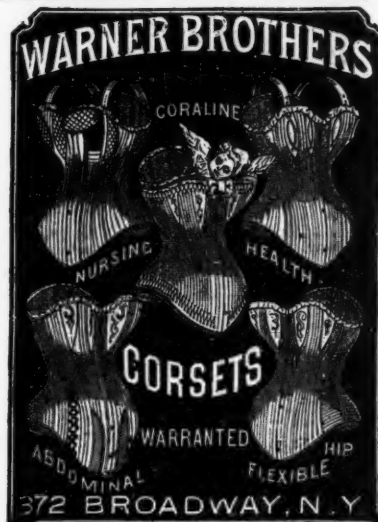
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By some means her diary, containing the names  
of all the gentlemen she had become engaged  
to, dropped out of the car window, and now  
she can't tell which of her male friends have a  
right to kiss her.—*Philadelphia News.*

"I SHALL be so glad when Summer is over,"  
said Violet Templeton, passing her handker-  
chief across her brow as she emerged from an  
ice-cream saloon with Vivian Gray. "And so  
shall I," added Vivian, with terrible emphasis.  
They are still drifting toward the future, but in  
different boats.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A NEW JERSEY town has passed an ordinance  
requiring tramps found within its limits to be  
set to work draining the town. This is just the  
kind of work a well-regulated tramp is adapted  
to. He generally begins, however, by "drain-  
ing" the citizens.—*Parkers Statesman.*

PHILADELPHIA manufactured ten million dol-  
lars worth of umbrellas last year. You would  
not have thought that amount of property was  
stolen outside of Congress in a year, would  
you?—*Somerville Journal.*

TELL a man lying on a lounge that a runaway  
team is going by, and you can safely bet seven  
to one that he'll collide with every piece of fur-  
niture in the room in getting to the window.—  
*Boston Post.*

MR. FLAHERTY, of St. Louis, had his skull  
fractured by a club wielded by his wife. Let's  
see. There is an old saw, we believe, that reads:  
"Flaherty, thy bane is woman."—*Phila. Kroni-  
kle-Herald.*

OUR West a man is considered nobody unless  
he has "killed his man." That is where the  
young physicians have the advantage over the  
average man in migrating West.—*Lowell Citizen.*

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acter are successfully treated with Dr. Benson's  
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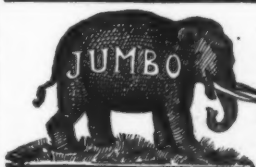
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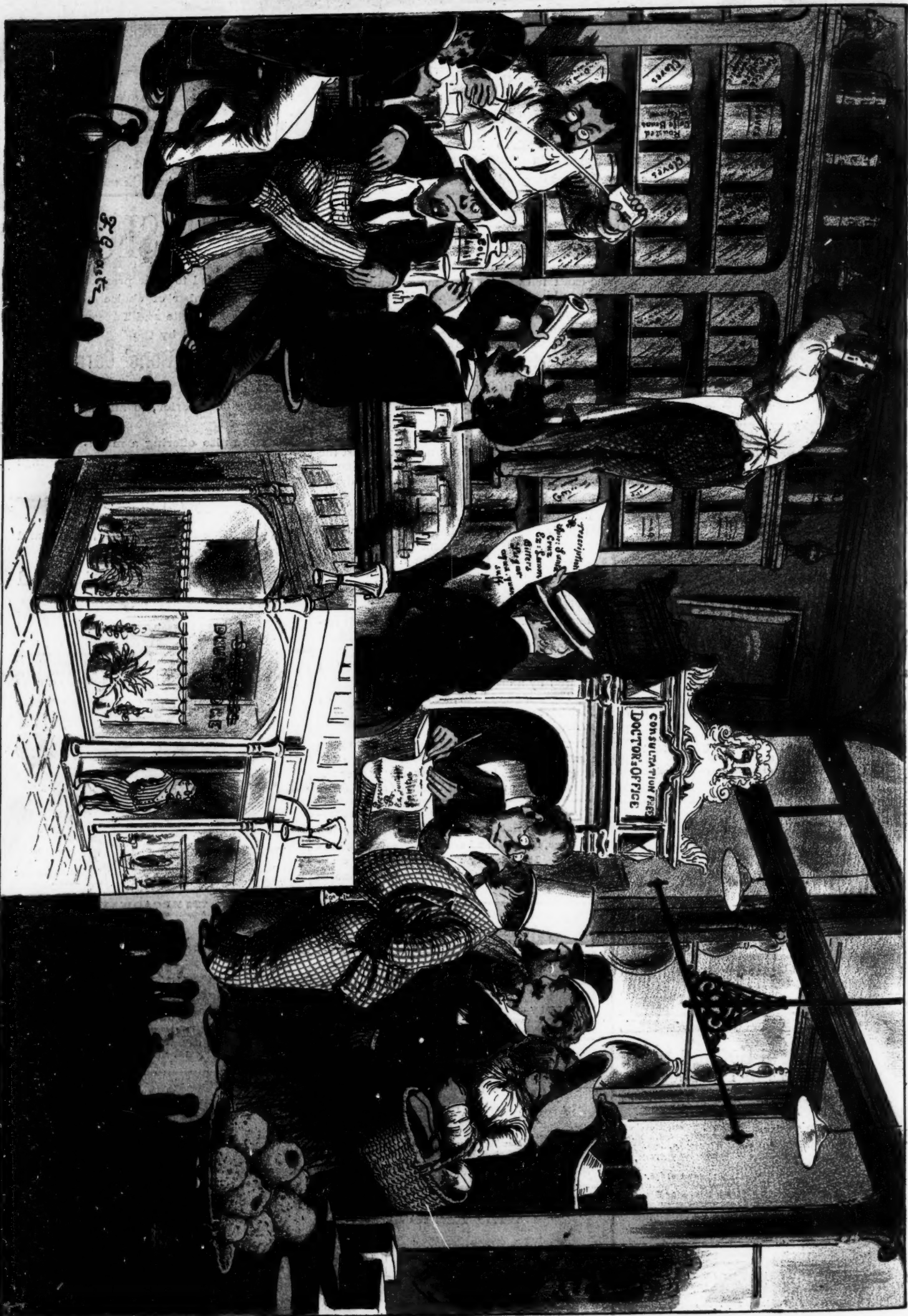
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